

PA
6395
Z5D28

THE
ODES OF HORACE

BOOKS I-II

J. HOWARD DEAZELEY

PA
6395
Z5D28

Cornell University Library

BOUGHT WITH THE INCOME
FROM THE

SAGE ENDOWMENT FUND

THE GIFT OF

Henry W. Sage

1891

A.117126

20/8/1898

~~OV 18 1943~~

~~NOV 08 '90 - DEC 22~~

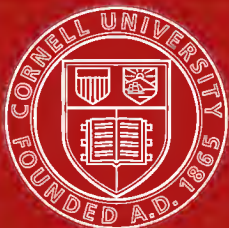
Cornell University Library
PA 6395.Z5D28

Odes of Horace.



3 1924 026 490 767

o/in



Cornell University
Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

<http://www.archive.org/details/cu31924026490767>

THE
ODES OF HORACE
BOOKS I AND II

DEAZELEY

Oxford

HORACE HART, PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY

THE
ODES OF HORACE

BOOKS I AND II

Done into English Verse

WITH

ANDROMEDA, ARIADNE, AND JASON

BY

J. HOWARD DEAZELEY, M.A.

MERTON COLLEGE, OXFORD

London

HENRY FROWDE

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS WAREHOUSE
AMEN CORNER, E.C.

1894

~~841 E16~~

A.117126

g-c

THE ODES OF HORACE

BOOK I.

ODE I.

To Maecenas.

MAECENAS, son of sires who wore a crown,
At once my shelter and my sweet renown :
Some joy to gather in the chariot-course
Olympic dust, and goal-mark grazed by force
Of fiery wheels and palm of wondrous worth
Uplift them high as gods who rule the earth ;
So joys another, if the fickle crowd
With threefold honours strive to make him proud ;
And so a third, who in his garner stores
The sweepings of the Libyan threshing-floors.
The man who loves to hoe his father's field
For wealth of Attalus would never yield

His lot, a craven mariner to be
And cleave in Cyprian bark Myrtoan sea.
The South Wind battling with Icarian waves
The trader dreads and restful landscape craves
That rings his township; soon his shattered fleet
Refits he, poverty untaught to meet.
One man at least the wine of Massic brand
Age-mellowed scorns not, nor to steal a strand
From warp of daily toil, 'neath arbut's shade,
Or by some hallowed stream's calm cradle laid.
To many camps bring joy, and trumpet's blare
With clarion blent, and wars too rich in care
For mothers. Tarries in the freezing air
The hunter heedless of his help-mate fair,
If doe is sighted by a trusty hound,
If boar has burst the taper mesh that bound.
Me ivy, guerdon of the poet's brow,
To heaven exalts; and I am severed now
From common crowd by coolness of the grove
Where Nymphs with Satyrs gaily dancing rove,
If neither doth Euterpe hush her flute
Nor Polyhymnia fail to tune her lute.
Midst lyric bards if you shall give me place,
My lofty head will strike to starry space.

ODE II.

To Augustus Caesar.

Snow on the earth enough now hath sent the Sire,
Snow and fell hail enough, and, with hand of fire
Scathing the shrines that were once the gods' desire,

Scared he the town ;

Scared he the nations too, lest again should rise
Dread scenes of Pyrrha's age viewed with tearful
eyes,

When Proteus drove his herd where from lofty skies
Mountains look down ;

While all the race of fish in the elm-tops rest
Where doves in other time made their well-known
nest,

Does too, as spread the floods, sore affrighted breast
Watery plain.

Saw we in tawny tide Tiber rush and roar,
Backward his billows flung from the Tuscan shore,
Halls of a king to wreck and to tumble o'er
Vesta's own fane.

Vengeance for Ilia's tears—sighs at length can
move—

Boasts he that thus he seeks, and inflamed to rove
O'er his left bank he strays, in despite of Jove,
Husband too true.

Youths shall of brethren hear whetting sharp their
steel

That to the Persians fell death would better deal,
Youths shall of battle hear, parents' sins who feel
Dwindled to few.

Which of the gods above shall the people call
In to our aid lest our shaken Empire fall?
By what entreaty shall the holy maids enthrall
Vesta's deaf ears?

Who by behest of Jove sin will purge away?
Come now Apollo, long looked for, come we pray,
Mist-veiled the gleamings that from thy shoulders
play,

Seer thou of seers;

Or if 'tis thine to choose, queen of Eryx' isle,
While Mirth and Cupid flit gaily round thy smile;
Or if thou, Founder, wilt on thy sons the while
Mercy bestow,

Sated at length, alas! with too weary game,
Thou who hast joy in bright helms and war's acclaim,
Joy where the gaze of Moor set by blood aflame
Gloats on the foe.

Or if thou wouldst adopt mien of mortal's child,
Changing thy presence, winged son of Maia mild,
Caesar's avenger thus brooking to be styled
'Mong men below:

Late mayst thou journey back heavenward, and long
Mayst thou abide content 'mid the Roman throng,
Nor by our sins estranged let some breeze too
strong

Waft thee away.

Here mayst thou rather love triumphs' great reward,
Here to be known as our father and our lord.
Suffer not thou the Mede lightly to maraud,
Caesar, our stay.

ODE III.

*To the ship in which Virgil was sailing to
Athens.*

Thus Helen's brethren, twin-stars bright,
The queen with sway of Cyprus blest,
The winds' own father guide thee right,
All others prisoned save the West,
O ship, that holdest in thy charge
My Virgil, land him sound and whole,
I pray thee, on the Attic marge,
And save the half of my poor soul.

Stout oak and brazen corselets three
Encased his breast, whoever first
His frail bark launched on savage sea,
Nor dreaded Afric's headlong burst

To wrestle with his Northern foes,
Nor Hyads, nor the South Wind's rage,
Than whom no greater Hadria knows
Its waves to stir or to assuage.

What guise of death could make him quail
Who saw the monsters of the deep
With eyes unmoved, who marked the gale
Break on Ceraunia's cursed steep?
In vain did Heaven's wisdom part
With Ocean's barrier shore from shore,
If in its despite vessels dart
To leap forbidden waters o'er.

Bold to accomplish any deed
Men rush through sin to gain desire,
Prometheus bold with crafty greed
Among the nations brought down fire.
And, fire thus pilfered from on high,
Decline with ghastly fevers wed
Came brooding, and then swiftly nigh
Drew what was once Death's far-off tread.

The airy void on wings denied
To man did Daedalus essay,
And Hercules in labour tried
Through Acheron's dungeons burst a way.

Nought is too hard in mortal eyes ;
At heav'n itself our folly aims,
And Jove, through guilt which we devise,
Still guards for us his wrathful flames.

ODE IV.

To L. Sestius.

SHARP winter yields to Zephyrs and the welcome
change of spring,
And the thirsty keels are drawn down from the
shore :
And the cattle leave their stalls and the plough-
man leaves his fire,
And no longer now the meads with rime are hoar.
Now Venus leads the dances, while the moon shines
overhead,
And the Nymphs and Graces foot it turn by turn,
In beauty linked, and Vulcan with the light upon
his face
Makes the Cyclops' mighty forges glow and burn.
Now 'tis right with myrtle green glossy tresses to
entwine,
Or with blossoms that unfettered fields renew.
Now 'tis right in shady grove to let Faunus'
victim bleed,
Whether lamb or kid he chooses as his due.

Ghastly Death with equal tread knocks at doors of
pauper huts,

Happy Sestius, and where princes hold their
state ;

Life's short span forbids the birth of an over-
reaching hope.

Soon the shades of story and the night of fate

And phantom home of Pluto will be on you ; whither
gone,

You will dice not for the lordship of the wine ;
And if Lycidas be fair you will little reck or care,
Though in maiden's eyes the lovelight soon will
shine.

ODE V.

To Pyrrha.

WHAT slender youth 'mid many a rose,
From whom a stream of fragrance flows,
In cool grot, Pyrrha, wooes thee ?
For whom dost twine thy golden hair

So trimly artless ? Broken troth
He oft will mourn and gods grown wroth,
And waves 'neath tempests curling
He'll view aghast in his despair,

Who now, bewitched by golden wiles
And bent on hope of unshared smiles
For ever, fickle breezes
Suspects not. Hapless they will be

On whom thy glamour untried glows.
Yon temple's votive tablet shows
That I with dripping raiment
Have dowered the god who rules the sea.

ODE VI.

To Agrippa.

THROUGH Varius, songster of Homeric strain,
The praise of thee and of thy battles' gain
Shall echo, how by land and on the main
Thy braves wrought wonders.

Not mine such deeds to sing, not mine to limn
The cruel house of Pelops, or to skim
With shrewd Ulysses seaward, or to hymn
Achilles' thunders.

Too lowly I for this—nay, very shame
Forbids me and my Muse's peaceful name,
Lest peerless Caesar's praises I should maim,
Or thine by blunders.

Who well hath Mars, in iron mail arrayed,
Or Merion, black with Trojan dust, portrayed?
Or Diomede who learned by Pallas' aid
To match immortals?

I sing of banquets and of maidens' spite
When they with sharp nails show their suitors fight,
Nor far, be fancy free or love mood light,
I pass my portals.

ODE VII.

To L. Munatius Plancus.

LET others praise fair Rhodes or Mitylene,
Ephesus or Corinth with its double sea,
Or Bacchus' Thebes, or Delphi of Apollo,
Or the lovely vale that lies in Thessaly.
Their only work it is to some to sing of
Maiden Pallas' city in unending strain,
That olive gathered anywhence may crown them.
Not a few will tell for Juno's greater gain
Of Argos, nurse of steeds, and rich Mycenæ.
As for me, not Lacedaemon's hardy worth
So charms me, or the tilths of fat Larissa,
As Albunæ's home, whose echoes have their birth
By waterfall and orchard groves of Tibur,
Where the restless streams their moisture yield
to earth.

A Southern gale dark clouds will often scatter,
Blowing fair, nor does it always bring forth rain;
Gain wisdom thus, my Plancus, and remember
Mellow wine will drown life's labour and its pain,
If tied thou art to camps aglow with standards,
Or if Tibur holds thee bowered in thickest shade.
From Salamis and sire when he was fleeing,
While the wine-drops down his dripping forehead
strayed,
'Tis told that Teucer bound a poplar chaplet
Round his brows, as to his mournful friends he
said :—
' Where Fortune kinder than a father takes us,
Comrades mine and boon companions, we will go :
Hope on while Teucer leads and Teucer guides you,
For Apollo's certain promises did show
A Salamis elsewhere to set men doubting.
Spirits stout that oft have suffered worse with me,
The cup drain deep to-night and banish trouble,
' With the dawn again we track the boundless sea.'

ODE VIII.

To Lydia.

SAY, by all the gods I pray thee, Lydia,
Why is Sybaris through love of thee undone?
Wherefore should he hate the open playground
Where he once so stoutly braved the dust and sun?

Why no more amid the youths his compeers
In the trappings of a soldier doth he ride?
Why doth bit curb not his Gallic charger?
Wherefore shrinks he from the Tiber's tawny tide?

Why more warily than blood of adder
Shuns he now the touch of athlete's olive-oil?
Why no quoit or spear the goal o'erflying
Hurls his arm that once was black with manly toil?

Why hides he like the son of sea-born Thetis
When the tearful doom of Troy was drawing nigh,
Lest a man's attire should sweep him onward
Into slaughter and the Lycian chivalry?

ODE IX.

To Thaliarchus.

You see how crowned aloft with spotless snow
Soracte stands, and how their load below
The burdened trees are groaning,
How sharp frost's grasp is on the river's flow.

Away with cold, pile up the hearth with wood,
Its due unstinted, and in lavish mood
Bring wine, my Thaliarchus,
That hath in Sabine jar for four years stood.

Then leave the rest to heaven : when to sleep
It lays the storm-gusts battling with the deep,
 No more need cypress tremble
Or hoary ash be tost by tempest's sweep.

Forbear to wonder what shall be to-morrow,
Whatever Fate lends yours the gain to borrow,
 And while your life's green summer
Still lacks grey hairs and age's peevish sorrow,

Scorn not the youthful joys of love and dance.
When evening falls let gentle sigh entrance
 Full oft at hour of trysting,
In playing-field and ring try oft your chance.

Now let the tuneful laugh betray the maid
Who lurks where dim nook lends its deepest shade,
 From arm now snatch love's token
Or finger that resists but ill the raid.

ODE X.

To Mercury.

GRANDSON of Atlas, lord of ready speech,
Who rugged ways of new-made men didst reach
And mould with skill of song and graceful rule
 Of wrestling-school,

Ambassador of gods and Jove the great,
I'll hymn thy praise who didst the lyre create,
Whose merry thieving hides in mischief sly
What takes thine eye.

When once thy boyish heart he vainly stirred
With threat'ning voice unless his stolen herd
Thou shouldst restore, of quiver too beguiled
Apollo smiled.

In thee a guide did wealthy Priam find
What time he left the walls of Troy behind,
And slipt the proud Atrides, watchfires' glow
And camp of foe.

'Tis thine pure souls their happy homes to show ;
Thy golden wand constrains the ghostly row ;
In thee above, below, the gods are blest
With welcome guest.

ODE XI.

To Leuconoë.

Ask not thou, 'tis lore unholy, what the length to
me or thee
That of life the gods have given, nor essay,
Leuconoë,
Babylonish calculations : best to bear whate'er befall.

Whether Jove gives other winters, whether this
 be last of all
Which is breaking on the angry reefs the strength
 of Tuscan tide,
Show thy wisdom, strain thy vintage, and curtail
 a hope too wide
For a life-span all too narrow. Jealous time has
 slipt away
While we talk. Trust not the morrow, gather
 what thou canst to-day.

ODE XII.

To Augustus.

WHAT man or hero, Clio, on thy lute
Dost choose to hymn, or on the shrill-voiced flute?
What god? whose name shall sportive echoes bruit
 Once and again

In gloomy dusk of Heliconian glade,
On Pindus' heights, in Haemus' chilling shade?
Whence, led by Orpheus, forests wildly strayed
 Charmed by his strain :

To stay the river's headlong flight he brings
His mother's skill, and clips the tempest's wings,
And, spell-bound hearers of his tuneful strings,
 Draws the oaks down.

What sooner than the Father's wonted praise
Shall claim my song, who gods and mortal ways,
And sea and land and earthly seasons sways,
Smile they or frown?

Whence than himself is sprung no greater race,
Nor claimeth any like or second place,
And yet the next to him in honour's grace
Pallas hath won.

In battle dauntless, never will I slight
Thee, Liber, Maid who dost with fell beasts fight,
Nor thee, nor Phoebus' shaft whose deadly flight
All things would shun.

Alcides too I'll sing, and Leda's twins,
With steeds the one, renown the other wins
With boxing; when for sailor's eye begins
Their star to shine,

Adown the cliff flows back the angry spray,
The winds are lulled, the cloud-wrack melts away,
And—'tis their will—the billows in the bay
Peaceful recline.

Shall Romulus come next, or shall my strain
Bring back Pompilius and his peaceful reign
And Tarquin's fasces proud and Cato's gain,
Where death was glory?

The great-souled Paullus, who of life made light
When Carthaginian conquered in the fight,
And Regulus and Scaurus are the bright
Themes of my story.

Fabricius and Curius wild of hair,
Camillus too, did want that pincheth bear
On farm ancestral fed with humble fare,
Heroes in war.

As tree that gathers unseen growth, is spread
Marcellus' fame; o'er all a glow is shed
From Julian planet, as the moon o'erhead
Paleth each star.

O Saturn's son, of mortal men the sire
And great protector, thee the fates desire
To guard great Caesar: thine the kingship dire
With him as second.

He, whether Parthians threat'ning harm to Rome
Have owned his triumph o'er their conquered home,
Or if with dwellers by the Eastern foam
Of Ind he reckoned,

O'er all but thee shall spread his just rule wide;
Thy massive car shall shake Olympus' side,
Thy bolts shall fall where groves with sin deep-dyed
To vengeance beckoned.

ODE XIII.

To Lydia.

WHEN of Telephus thou praisest
Rosy neck and arms of snow,
Then, alas! my passion, Lydia,
Swells in overwhelming flow.

Then nor soul nor blood is steady,
And the tear that wets my cheek
Stealthily, but shows the ceaseless
Fires within that make me weak.

Burns my heart if thy fair shoulders
Strife unseemly stains with wine,
Or if thy young lover's frenzy
Scars thy lip with lasting line.

Never, if thou wilt believe me,
Look to him for love that lives
Who would wound thy kisses essenced
With the nectar Venus gives.

Blessèd thrice and more the lovers
Bound by an unbroken tie,
Whom no evil strife shall sever
Till the day that sees them die.

ODE XIV.

To the Commonwealth.

O SHIP of state, fresh waves will once more take
Thee out to sea. What art thou doing? bravely
make

The harbour. Art not thou aware
How stript of oars thy sides are bare,

And how thy yard-arms groan, and how thy mast
Is wounded by the South Wind's evil blast?

Thy keel ungirded scarce can keep
At bay the too despotic deep.

Thy sails are rent, nor when thy woes befall,
Hast thou gods left on whom again to call.

Although thou art a Pontic pine,
A child of noblest woodland line,

The race and name thou boastest are but dust;
In painted sterns no sailor puts his trust.

Lest plaything for the idle air
Thou yet shouldst be, do thou beware.

O thou who late didst cause me care and dread,
Whose fate is still with yearning bodings wed,

I pray thee shun the Cyclads' sheen
And waves that ebb and flow between.

ODE XV.

The prophecy of Nereus touching the doom of Troy.

WHEN the shepherd prince was taking in his ships
across the sea,
Trojan ships, his hostess Helen, for a traitor guest
was he,
In a calm unwelcome Nereus lulled the rushing
of the gale

Telling doom's tale :

' With an evil omen on thee to thy home thou lead'st
away
Her whom Greece shall seek back from thee with
her swordmen's thick array
Sworn to break for thee thy wedlock and to tumble
shatter'd down .

Priam's old crown.

' Woe is me, for men and chargers what incessant
toil and sweat,
What a storm of death for Trojan race in move-
ment thou dost set !
For her car and fury even now with shield and
helm she wears

Pallas prepares.

‘ And in vain wilt thou, relying upon Venus’ guardian
arm,
Fiercely sit and comb thy love-locks, and thy
womankind to charm
Strike thy dainty minstrel’s measures on the peace-
ful lyre ; in vain
Shalt thou remain

‘ In thy chamber shunning spear-points and the shafts
of Cretan reed
And the battle-cry of Ajax swift to make the
runner bleed ;
For the curls of the betrayer shall at last be stained
and thrust
Down to the dust.

‘ Dost thou not behold Laertes’ son, the ruin of thy
race,
And the sage of Pylos, Nestor ? On thee speeds
with dauntless face
Prince of Salamis, brave Teucer joined with Sthe-
nelus, whose skill
War’s posts to fill

‘ Would prove him, should the need arise o’er steeds
his sway to show,
As a charioteer no laggard. Merion also shalt thou
know.

Thee the ruthless son of Tydeus, than his sire of
stouter mind,

Rages to find;

‘And from him, as in some valley when a wolf is
sighted nigh

All unmindful of the pasture flies the stag, so thou
shalt fly

With a craven’s deep-drawn pantings, though thy
promise to thy queen

Other had been.

‘Though the anger and resentment of Achilles and
his fleet

Makes the day to lag when Ilion and its wives
their doom will meet,

After flight of fated winters shall Achæan fires
destroy

Roof-trees of Troy.’

ODE XVI.

A lover's recantation.

O DAUGHTER fairer than a mother fair,
To lines that bring but blame and shame
Come set a limit, let the flame
Or Hadria’s waters end the sting they bear.

Not Cybele or god of Pythos' shrine
When he his trembling priesthood shakes,
Nor Corybant who shrilly makes
His timbrel echo, nor the god of wine,

Can stir like wrath, that neither Noric blade
Nor wreck-strown sea nor savage fire,
Nor Jove himself, when in his ire
He rushes thund'ring on, can make afraid.

Prometheüs, bound to add to primal clay
Some morsel drawn from every source,
Took too the lion's frenzied force
To swell our passion, so the legends say.

'Twas anger laid Thyestes sorely low,
And to this cause the ramparts tall
Of towns can trace their final fall,
When o'er the site of ruined walls the foe

Set mark of ploughshare in the flush of pride.
Be calm of mind; when youth was sweet
I too, consumed by passion's heat,
The burning rush of swift iambics tried

In madness. Now I seek for hours of pain
To win back pleasure, an thou wilt;
Since I recant my charge of guilt,
Be friends and give me back thy heart again.

ODE XVII.

To Tyndaris.

LYCAEAN heights when Faunus swift forsakes,
For fair Lucretilis he often makes ;
There from my kids he wards the summer heat,
And shields them when the rainy tempests beat.
My she-goats scatheless wander through the glade,
A strong mate's consorts, and in shelter'd shade
For lurking thyme and arbutue make their quest,
By dread of green-scaled serpents undistrest.
Their young the wolves of Mars need never heed
When thou, my Tyndaris, with tuneful reed
Dost make the glens and gleaming rocks resound
Where Ustica stoops down with lowly ground.
The gods watch o'er me, to the gods are dear
My righteousness and talent. Here the cheer
And kindly wealth of rustic bounties teem
Where Plenty's horn for thee shall brim and stream.
Here in some wooded vale the Dogstar's blaze
Thou shalt escape, and hymn with Teian lays
The sea-nymphs Circe and Penelope,
Each striving queen of one man's heart to be.
Here cups of harmless Lesbian thou shalt drain
Beneath the shade ; nor war of purpose vain
Shall Semele's Thyoneus blindly wage
With Mars, nor shameless Cyrus' jealous rage

Shall make thee, foe ill-match'd, in terror stand
Lest on thee he should lay his reckless hand
And, guiltless though it be, thy raiment tear
And garland clinging closely to thy hair.

ODE XVIII.

To Quintilius Varus.

PLANT no tree for choice, my Varus, sooner than
the sacred vine
In the kindly lands of Tibur where Catillus' ramparts
shine.
On the sober every hardship do the gods of heaven
lay;
From the sober sorrow wanders not, nor takes its
sting away.
Who when wine is in of poverty would croak or
war's alarms?
Who of Bacchus would not rather sing, of Venus
and her charms?
But that none should pass the limit set to Liber's
gift divine
Warns us feud of Lapithæ with Centaurs fought
out over wine,
Warns us Bacchus who in anger on Sithonians
lays his hand
When the boundary 'twixt right and wrong they
fix, a greedy band,

By the standard of lust's measure. Never, Bassareus
the fair,
Will I stir thee when reluctant, or drag forth to
open air
Rites of thine in forests hidden. Berecynthian horn
restrain
And the timbrel's savage frenzy, blindly follow in
whose train
Love of self and proud Ambition rearing high its
empty head,
And the Faith than crystal clearer that a secret
longs to spread.

ODE XIX.

On Glycera.

THE Cupids' ruthless mother
And Semele's young son
And Frolic bid me give back
My heart to courtships done.

For Glycera inflames me,
More fair than marble's sheen ;
Her wanton wiles inflame me,
Her face with peril seen.

Full on me Venus rushing
From Cyprus, sets her ban
Lest Scyth or flying Parthian
Or aught else fill song's span.

Bring, boys, live turf and vervain,
Frankincense bring the while
And wine, a victim offered
Will make her coming smile.

ODE XX.

To Maecenas.

In goblets poor you'll taste the humble hoard
Of Sabine wine which I had sealed and stored
In Grecian jar, when plaudits for you roared,
The theatre ringing,

Belovèd knight Maecenas, till the shore
Of your forefathers' river backward bore
Your praise that sportive echo sang once more
From Vatican winging.

Of Caecuban and grape on which its will
Worked Cales' wine-press you shall take your fill:
Falernae to my cups and Formian hill
No flavour are bringing.

ODE XXI.

To Diana and Apollo.

YE tender maidens, of Diana sing,
Ye young men, of the unshorn Cynthian king
And of Latona nigh
Unto the heart of Jupiter most high.

Girls, sing of her whom streams and trees delight
On chilly Algidus' projecting height,
On Cragus green of hue,
In woods of Erymanthus dusk to view.

Boys, laud with equal praises Tempe's vale,
And Delos, birthplace of Apollo, hail,
Whose shoulders never tire
Of wearing quiver and his brother's lyre.

He war that rains with tears, and famine dread,
And plague from us and from our princely head,
Great Caesar, moved by prayer,
To Britons and to Persians far will bear.

ODE XXII.

To Aristius Fuscus.

THE man whose life is upright and no stain of
guilt can show
Needs not, my Fuscus, Moorish spears, needs not
a Moorish bow
Or quiver filled with arrows that are poison'd
'gainst the foe ;
If through the Syrtes' burning waste he has to
make his way,
Or where as host the Caucasus an uncouth part
doth play,
Or where Hydaspes laves the ground, the theme
of many a lay.
Far from me once in Sabine wood, when of all
cares set free
I wandered on, and wand'ring sang songs of my
Lalage,
My bounds o'erstepping, though unarmed was I,
a wolf did flee.
Not Daunia such a brute as that, for all her war-
like band,
Doth foster where her winter oaks crown far and
wide the land,
Nor breeds the realm where lions thrive on Juba's
burning sand.

Come set me down upon the plains in ice that
slumber bound,
Where never breeze to fan a tree with summer's
breath is found,
A region of the world where clouds and frown-
ing skies abound;

Come set me where the Sun-god's car too close by
many a mile
Draws nigh to earth and there to man no home
allows the while,
I'll love my Lalage's sweet talk, my Lalage's
sweet smile.

ODE XXIII.

To Chloe.

FROM me like timid fawn you fly
That seeks upon the pathless hills
Its mother, finding groundless ills
In wood and breeze that murmurs by.

For if new come to waving brake
Spring rustles, or the lizards green
Have made their way the leaves between,
Its heart and knees together shake.

And yet with tiger's cruel stride
Or lion's hunt I not to tear :
Meet consort for a husband's care,
Forsake at length thy mother's side.

ODE XXIV.

To Virgil.

WHAT end to grief for one so dear
Can shame set? Raise thy dirges drear,
Melpomene, to whom a clear
Refrain Jove gave and skill the lute to strike.

And so an endless sleep doth lie
Upon Quintilius. Vainly try
Humility and Truth's keen eye
And Faith, Right's sister, e'er to find his like.

He died by many good men wept :
Your cheeks by fastest tears were swept,
My Virgil, and, your loan unkept,
In vain you claim him from the gods again.

If you the lute more sweetly played
Than Orpheus heard by listening glade,
No more comes blood to ghostly shade
Which Mercury's dread wand doth once constrain

To join the march of ghostly flock
For whom no prayer can doom unlock.
'Tis hard to bear: but sorrow's shock
Will time assuage where nought may cancel pain.

ODE XXV.

To Lydia.

MORE seldom now your window-shutter shakes
With blows rained on it by our youthful rakes,
Whose noise no longer on your slumber breaks;
Your door's to threshold keeping

Which once upon its hinges moved with ease:
For less and less you hear such words as these—
'I die with love, the long night slowly flees,
Say, Lydia, art sleeping?'

Grown old, in turn from alleys lone you'll sigh
For lovers who will scornful pass you by,
When Thracian tempest holdeth revel high
At moon-change. You are grieving

Because our merry youths take more delight
In lusty ivy and the myrtle bright,
And withered leaves to winds that mate their might
With winter now are leaving.

ODE XXVI.

On Aelius Lamia.

THE Muses' friend, all gloom and care
I'll give the wanton winds to bear
To Cretan sea, nor do I care
To whom the cold North's king may bring despair,

Nor what may Tiridates fright.
O thou, who lovest fountains bright,
Of blooms that bask in sunny light,
Weave me a crown to charm my Lamia's sight,

Pimplea sweet! No skill of mine
Apart from thee can hope to shine,
In latest song my friend enshrine
With Lesbian quill that honours thee and thine.

ODE XXVII.

To his boon-companions.

WITH goblets fashioned as a joy of life
To fight is Thracian: such wild manners end,
And modest Bacchus thus defend
From bloody strife.

Between the wine lamp-lit and Median blade
'Tis strange to think how wide a difference lies.

My comrades, rest from godless cries
On elbows stayed.

And would you have me also quaff my part
Of rough Falernian? Let Megilla's brother own
What deadly shaft hath at him flown
With blissful smart.

Compliance lingers? nay, I will not drink
On other terms. Whatever love may reign,
'Tis honest and meets no disdain,
Nor needst thou shrink

To tell thy flame. Whate'er thy plight may be,
Entrust it to safe ears. Oh, hapless wight,
Worth nobler love, Charybdis' might
Engulfeth thee.

What witch, what wizard's spells can win surcease
Of sorrow, or what god can snap the snare?
Chimaera holds, and steed of air
Could scarce release.

ODE XXVIII.

To Archytas.

THEE, who didst span the ocean and the land,
Archytas, and the countless sand,
Scant dust's hard duress by the Matine shore
Imprisons now, nor any more
Doth it avail that thou death-doomed didst soar
In thought round heaven's vaulted floor.
In death too Pelops' sire the gods' guest lies,
Tithonus wafted to the skies
And Minos, who was suffered to unfold
Jove's secrets: Tartarus doth hold
Panthoides to 'Orcus sent once more,
Though he took down his shield, and bore
To Trojan times his witness, who at frown
Of death his nerves and skin laid down
And nought beyond, great master in thy view
To read the truths of nature through.
For all men lies in wait one night of gloom;
All once must tread the path of doom.
The Fates give some grim gaze of Mars to please;
Some death o'ertakes on greedy seas;
Teem fun'ral trains of old and young; no head
Hath ruthless Proserpine o'erfled.
Me too Orion's friend, fleet Notus, drave
And drowned beneath Illyrian wave.

O sailor, grudge not shifting sand to spread
Upon my graveless bones and head.
Thus, should the East Wind vex Hesperia's tide
With threat'nings, mayst thou safe abide,—
Venusia's woods can suffer—Jove's reward
Stream on thee, and may Neptune, lord
Of pure Tarentum, send thee richest freight.
Hast thou no care in dealing fate
To guiltless sons of thine by working crime?
Nay, for thyself in after time
May stern requital wait: my prayers will gain
Their answer; nought will purge thy stain.
Though thou be prest, I ask no long delay;
Thrice sprinkle dust, then haste away.

ODE XXIX.

To Iccius.

ICCIUS, you covet now the Arab's treasure,
And seek to mete out war's sharp measure
To Saba's kings unconquered yet,
And chains you forge on Mede to set.

What savage maiden, having slain her lover,
To be your slave will you discover?
What courtly page with perfumed hair
Will chosen be your cup to bear,

Who from his father's bow can send a-flying
His Seric arrows? Cease denying
That streams may flow up from the plain,
And Tiber seek his source again,

When you, Panaetus' costly tomes forsaking
And school of Socrates, are taking
Instead the armoury of Spain,
Your better promise making vain.

ODE XXX.

To Venus.

O VENUS, who in Cnidos and in Paphos hold'st
thy sway,
Forsake the Cyprus of thy choice, and speeding
now away
Where Glycera invokes thee and the censer's
odours play,
Come to her shrine.

And with thee bring thy boyish son in all his
burning glow,
And Nymphs and Graces with their robes un-
girdled free to flow,
And Mercury and Youth who hath delights but
few to show
Apart from thine.

ODE XXXI.

To Apollo.

WHAT boon from Phoebus doth his bard implore?

What gift entreat, in holy dew

From goblet pouring vintage new?

Not rich Sardinia's teeming harvest-store,

Not herds that bask beneath Calabria's glow,

Not Indian ivory or gold,

Not lands the Liris that enfold

And feel the gnawing of his silent flow.

The vine of Cales let them prune whose cares

Fate orders so; let merchants please

To drain from gold in wealthy ease

The wines they purchase with their Syrian wares,

Dear to the gods, since thrice a year or more

To wide Atlantic they repair

Unscathed. The olive is my fare,

The mallow and the endive are my store.

Health grant me, Phoebus, to enjoy my lot

With mind that sound and whole remains,

And brightened by the lyre's sweet strains

Let age steal on, and stealing bring no blot.

ODE XXXII.

To his lute.

THEY ask a song. If aught beneath the shade,
To live a year or more, on thee I played
In idle mood, with Latin garb arrayed
Inspire, O lute, my note,

Thou who wast first by Lesbos' burgess strung:
Though fierce in war, yet standing arms among,
Or when with rope upon the wet shore flung
He moored his battered boat,

The Muses, Liber, Venus and her care,
The clinging boy, he'd hymn with tuneful air,
Of Lycus black of eye and black of hair
The beauty he would sing.

O Phoebus' glory, Jove the lord of all
Is glad when on his feasts thy measures fall;
O to my toils, whene'er I duly call,
Do thou sweet solace bring.

ODE XXXIII.

To Albius Tibullus.

THOUGH Glycera be cruel, do not play the sorry wight
Too long, my Albius, nor in verse bewail thy
piteous plight
Because a younger lover now outshines thee in
her sight

To troth's despite.

Lycoris, low-browed beauty, feels for Cyrus love's
hot dart ;
And Cyrus after Pholoe the ruthless flings his heart :
But sooner to the she-goat will Apulian wolf impart
The lover's smart

Than Pholoë would sin with one low-born of baser
folk.

So seems it good to Venus, whose grim will hath
often broke
Ill-mated forms and minds to go beneath her brazen
yoke

In cruel joke.

Me too, although a kinder love was standing in
my way,
Did Myrtale imprison in the fetters of her sway,
A freed slave, fiercer than the sea that each Cala-
brian bay

Curves out with spray.

ODE XXXIV.

To himself.

A RARE and grudging worshipper of heaven
I strayed, my mind to witless wisdom given,
Till now perforce convinced I'm fain
To set my sails and journey back again.

For Jupiter, the flashing of whose sheen
Full often glitters gloomy clouds between,
Where skies were mistless near and far
Drove through his thundering steeds and flying
car,

Till all the sluggish earth and streams that flowed
And wandered, and the Styx and dread abode
Of Taenarus and furthest rock
Of Atlas on the instant felt the shock.

'Tis God who darkness into light can throw,
Can raise the weak and bring the mighty low;
Hence Fortune swooping strikes the crown,
And here with whistling wing she sets it down.

ODE XXXV.

To Fortune.

O GODDESS, queen of Antium the fair,
The power is thine to raise from low estate
The lot of man, and with the wheel of fate
To turn a triumph's pride to death's despair.

To thee poor husbandmen with anxious care,
To thee, as mistress of the ocean plain,
Do mariners who scour Carpathian main
In Eastern barks address the suitor's prayer.

Of thee rough Dacia, Scythia's roaming band,
And towns and nations, Latium prone to scorn,
And mothers of whom savage kings are born,
And tyrants purple-clad in terror stand,

Lest thou with spurning foot shouldst overthrow
The pillars of the state, and lest the crowd
In idle loiterers' ears should cry aloud
'To arms! to arms!' and lay an Empire low.

Necessity the ruthless plants her tread
Before thee, clutching in her brazen grasp
Her nails and wedges, while the rigid clasp
Of clamp is with her and the molten lead.

Thee Hope and Faith in robe of white attend,
Too seldom seen, nor shrink thy road to take
Whene'er in altered garb thou dost forsake
The princely halls where once thou wast a friend.

But faithless crowds and paramours forsworn
Retreating go, and with the latest lees
Of emptied casks such traitor friends as these
Depart and leave the burden to be borne.

Our Caesar on his journey mayst thou save,
Against remotest Britons when he goes,
And save our youth, a dread to Eastern foes
And to the dwellers by the Red Sea's wave.

Alas! the shame of guilt is on the land
For brothers' scars. Where have we turned aside
From any sin? What crime is left untried?
Our youths from what offence have held their hand?
Through fear of heaven what altars have they spared?
O would that now upon an anvil new
Our blunted weapons thou wouldst fashion true
Against Arabian foemen to be bared.

ODE XXXVI.

In honour of Plotius Numida.

With the odours of incense, the music of lyre,
And the blood of a calf which is due,
To the gods we pay court that our Numida guard
Who, his journey from Spain's end safe through,
On companions beloved bestows many a kiss;
But to none than to Lamia sweet
Gives he more, being mindful of boyhood's old
times

When they twain sat at one master's feet
And together the garment of manhood assumed.
Let this day of bliss have its white stone,

Let the beakers unstinted be ready to hand,
Let our feet to no weariness own
Of the Salian dance, nor let Damalis' thirst
Conquer Bassus in draught-draining pull;
Let the banquet with rose and frail lily be graced
And with parsley of life that is full.
There his eyes that are melting with love will
each guest
Be directing to Damalis' charms.
But like ivy will Damalis cling and decline
To be torn from her new lover's arms.

ODE XXXVII.

To his comrades.

Now the hour is ripe for revel ; now the foot upon
the floor
Should be treading mazy measures ; now 'tis time,
my friends, and more
That upon the gods' high table we should Salic
dainties pour.

For the Caecuban aforetime from its cells of ancient
date
It was sin to take for drinking, while a queen with
frenzied fate
Was preparing dire destruction for our citadel and
state,

Where around her stood a loathly band on whom
foul sickness preyed.
She was wild enough for any hope, by Fortune's
sweet wine made
Merest sport of drunken folly: but her madness
was allayed

When by flame was left uninjured scarce a ship of
all her fleet,
And her mind with wine distracted saw the terrors
of defeat;
While she fled and Caesar followed with his oars-
men's rapid beat;

As the falcon presses onward in the timid stock-
dove's train,
As the hare the hunter chases on Haemonia's snowy
plain,
That the doomful source of ruin he might capture
and enchain:

But she purposed by a nobler than the common
death to die,
Nor at sabre did she tremble with a woman's tear-
ful eye,
Nor escape on shipboard sought she where the hidden
havens lie.

She had heart to view the ruin of her throne with
cloudless look,
And the wrath of savage serpents to her fearless
hands she took
In her veins their bane to gather : far too haughty
she to brook,

While the way of death was open and resolve was
fiercely strong,
That degraded she should pleasure all the wild
Liburnian throng,
And be led to grace their triumph as a gazing-
stock along.

ODE XXXVIII.

To his page.

I HATE, my lad, the Persians' vain display,
I love not chaplets bound with linden stay ;
Forbear to seek where rose, in late delay,
May linger still.

Thy busy hand for me nought else need twine
With simple myrtle : meet, my page, as thine
And mine is myrtle, when 'neath mantling vine
I quaff my fill.

BOOK II.

ODE I.

To Asinius Pollio.

THE civil strife born in Metellus' times,
The springs of war, its phases and its crimes
You handle, all the tricks of Fate,
The deadly friendships of the great,

And arms whose bloodstains are not purged as yet,
A work where chance and risk your path beset;
O'er treach'rous ashes you must go,
Where hidden fires still lurk below.

Let Tragedy's grave Muse forsake the stage
For one short while: and when your storied page
Its record ends, the buskin Greek
In high employ you shall reseek.

Takes Senate counsel? Stands accused dismayed?
Thou, Pollio, art to each a stalwart aid,
On whom Dalmatic triumph's bays
Bestowed the meed of endless praise.

Already with the bugle's threat'ning bray
You stun our ears ; e'en now the trumpets play ;
E'en now do flashing arms affright
The flying steeds and horsemen's sight.

E'en now I hear the mighty chiefs acclaim
Begrimed with smirch of dust that brings no shame,
Where worlds are vanquished far and wide,
Except the rage of Cato's pride.

Then Juno and the gods, whose might was weak
To save their Africans and vengeance wreak,
The sons of those who conquered made
An offering to Jugurtha's shade.

What plains from Latin blood draw no new life
Whose graves bear witness to our godless strife,
And, heard by Medes in sound of woe,
The doom that laid Hesperia low?

Was any flood or any river free
From scenes of doleful war? was any sea
Clear from the crimson of our gore?
Unstained by blood was any shore?

But lest, my sportive Muse, you quit the vein
Of mirth for Cean dirge's dismal strain,
With me beneath some lovers' cave
Strike out in song a gayer stave.

ODE II.

To C. Sallustius Crispus.

HIDDEN silver has no glow
In the churlish earth below;
Shines it, Sallust, riches' foe,
In modest spending.

Proculeius' well-known care
For his brethren adds a share
To a life that Fame will bear
In flight unending.

Gives greed checked a wider sway
Than if Libya far away
Gades joins and both obey
Your sole direction:

Self-indulgent dropsy grows,
Thirst unslaked, unless it close
Mischiefs' source, -then weakness goes
And pale complexion.

Though restored to Cyrus' throne
Sits Phraates, Worth alone
Bliss in him declines to own,
And so, mistaken

Terms unteaching men, secure
Crowns on those and laurels sure
She bestows who treasures' lure
Behold unshaken.

ODE III.

To Dellius.

WHEN life is hard, your soul possess
In calm serene; when times are fair,
Refrain from triumph's haughty air,
For, Dellius, death will come no less

If length of days be wholly spanned
With grief, or if as glad hours laugh
You lie in quiet meads and quaff
Falernum's wine of choicest brand;

Where lofty pines and poplars white
Their boughs in friendly shade entwine
Together, and with winding line
The brooklet babbles in its flight.

Here call for wine and nard and bloom
Of roses fading all too fast,
While youth remains and fortunes last
And Fate still spares the thread of doom.

The lawns you buy you must forsake,
That home by tawny Tiber's wave;
The growing stores for which you slave
In heirship will another take.

What boots your wealth or long descent
From Inachus? As well to lie
A lowly beggar 'neath the sky
For any ruth in Death's intent.

One bourn constrains us all; for all
The lots are shaken in the urn,
Whence soon or late will fall our turn
Of exile's barge without recall.

ODE IV.

To Xanthias Phoceus.

BECAUSE thy love turns to a waiting-maid,
Of shame, my Phoceus, be not thou afraid!
Achilles' heart, of old so proud,
To woo his fair-faced slave Briseis bowed.

To woo the captive of his mighty arms
Was Ajax moved by sweet Tecmessa's charms:
Atrides too, when triumph's tide
Was fullest, burned to win a stolen bride,

When, savage squadrons to destruction tost,
Thessalians conquered and, with Hector lost,
At last the citadels of Troy
For wearied Greeks grew easy to destroy.

Perhaps rich parents of thy Phyllis fair
To thee their son-in-law may honour bear;
She surely with some royal throne
Doth kinship claim and frowning gods bemoan.

Feel that she springs not from the common herd,
That thy beloved, so faithful to her word,
So free from any greed of gain,
Could never need to blush for mother's stain.

Her grace of arm, of face, of rounded limb
Heart-whole I praise: need'st have no doubt of him
Whose age has to that point declined
Where two score years will soon be left behind.

ODE V.

To Lalage's lover.

Too weak as yet to bear the yoke
With bended neck, she cannot take
Her share in double harness, and Love's stroke
Her strength would mar and break.

Your heifer's heart on pastures green
Is fixt, and now in rivers cool
She bathes, or with the steers makes merry scene
Beside the osier pool.

Away with longing for the unripe grape :
Already Autumn comes for you,
Each darkening cluster in its turn to shape
And dye with purple hue.

She will pursue you soon : time flies,
And each year lost to your estate
Will add to Lalage's, whose wilful eyes
Will soon seek out a mate.

More dear than Pholoë prone to flight,
Than white-armed Chloris still more fair,
Who shines as cloudless moon on sea by night,
Or Cnidian Gyges rare,

Whom if you set 'mid band of girls,
The shrewdest strangers he'd beguile,
Perplexing them with wealth of flowing curls
And face of doubtful smile.

ODE VI.

To Septimius.

SEPTIMIUS, to Gades who would journey by my
side,
Or to the Cantabri, unbroke to yoke of Roman
pride,
Or to the savage Syrtes, or to where the Moorish
tide
For ever boils;

May Tibur Argive-founded be the resting-place
for me
When age has come upon me, for some limit there
must be ;
Of travel I am weary, I am weary of the sea
And warfare's toils.

But if my life Fate's harsh decree away from
here should keep,
Galaesus' stream I'll make for with its charm of
full-fleeced sheep,
Or land where Spartan chieftain once was lord of
meadows deep,
Phalantus' fields.

Of all the fairest spots on earth, the fairest in
my eyes
That little nook lies smiling, where its olive-
berry vies
With verdure of Venafrum, nor Hymettus sweeter
prize
Of honey yields.

For slowly here the springtide in a lengthy life-
time flows,
And Jupiter on winter months a genial warmth
bestows,
And Aulon, friend to Bacchus, feels of grapes
Falernum grows
No jealous fear.

Yes, thither we are summoned, and that place calls
me and you
Whose hills with fruitfulness are blest, and where,
a comrade true,
You shall the glowing ashes of your poet-friend
bedew
With duty's tear.

ODE VII.

To Pompeius Varus.

WITH me you often reached time's direst strait
When Brutus led our chivalry:
To fathers' gods and Latin sky
Who gave you back in Roman's full estate,

Pompeius, of my boon-companions best?
With you full oft day's lagging flight
I hastened, wine in hand, as bright
Our tresses gleamed with Syrian spikenard drest.

With you I knew Philippi's rout and race,
My shield unknightly left behind,
When crushed was pride of vaunting mind
And suppliants earthward tamely bowed the face.

Me Mercury the nimble from the foe
Stole trembling in a veil of mist,
But you, where angry billows hissed,
The tide of war sucked back with seething flow.

To Jove then give the feast that is his due,
And wearied by war's long delay
Come stretch your limbs beneath my bay,
Nor spare the casks which have been kept for you.

Let gleaming goblets brim with Massic wine
That brings forgetfulness, and pour
From ample shells unstinted store
Of perfume. Crowns of myrtle who will twine

Or parsley damp, and who with dice will gain
Wine's kingship? Mad as Thrace
Shall be my frenzy: gladly for a space,
My friend restored, I give excess the rein.

ODE VIII.

To Barine.

If loss, Barine, you had ever borne
As penalty for oath forsworn;
If by one blackened tooth or single nail
Your charms should fail,

I might believe. But you, with solemn vow
When you have bound your guilty brow,
For youths walk forth in glamour still more fair,
A common care.

To cheat your mother's ashes brings you gain,
To cheat the sky and nightly train
Of silent stars and gods exempt from touch
Of Death's cold clutch.

At this smiles Venus' self; at this too smile
The artless nymphs, and all the while
Fell Cupid's bloody whetstone gives each dart
A keener smart.

For you it is that youths to manhood grow,
And growing make new slaves; nor go
From godless mistress' roof your older set,
Though oft they threat.

'Tis you that for their young bloods mothers dread,
And misers old, and girls just wed,
In terror lest their lords your winning air
Should hold in snare.

ODE IX.

To C. Valgius.

Not always do the rain-clouds pour
On fields unkempt; o'er Caspian wave
Not always do the tempests rave
And harry; on Armenian shore

Not month by month, friend Valgius, frost
Stands stirless, or Garganum's oaks
Strain always to the North Wind's strokes,
Or ashes mourn their foliage lost.

You never with one theme have done,
And strains that for lost Mystes grieve:
Bides love, or rises star of eve
Or flees before the rapid sun.

The seer, whose age reached triple span,
Not all his days to mourning kept
For loved Antilochus, nor wept
His sire and sisters always o'er the ban

That slew their Troilus. From weak
Laments at length desist, and tell
We rather how new triumphs swell
For Caesar; of Niphates' peak,

How now the Median river yields
Subdued to roll a humbled crest,
And how with settled bounds comprest
Gelonj ridé in narrowed fields.

ODE X.

To Licinius.

LICINIUS, the passage of your life will better be,
If neither always you are bent on making open sea,
Nor, dreading storms, too closely hug the shore upon
your lee.

Whoever with devotion doth pursue the golden
mean,

Avoids secure the hovel with its carelessness unclean,
Avoids content the palace and the envy of its sheen.

The tallest pine most often is the plaything of the
blast,

The loftiest turret tumbles with the loudest crash
at last,

At highest peaks of mountains are the bolts of
thunder cast.

A breast well fortified will hope whenever days
are sad

For change of lot, and change will dread when
fate and life are glad.

If Jupiter the winter brings in dreary aspect clad,

He too in turn will take away. Because of present
woe

Think not that woe must last. Apollo oft with glow
Of music stirs the silent muse nor always strings
his bow.

When fortunes pinch, let stoutness of a gallant soul
prevail

With courage; and with prudence take in reefs
upon a sail

That bellies to the blowing of an all too lucky gale.

ODE XI.

To Quintius Hirpinus.

QUINTIUS HIRPINUS, seek not thou to read
The thoughts of warlike Scyths and Cantabri,
Since Adriatic waves between us lie,
Nor wear thy soul in planning for the need

Of life that wants but little. Down the steep
Behind us smooth-faced youth and beauty stray,
As withered age's whiteness scares away
The sports of love and ease of ready sleep.

The blooms of spring keep not a changeless grace
For ever, nor the glowing moon we find
With one look shining. Wherefore vex the mind
With schemes for which it owns too short a space?

'Neath lofty plane or pine then let us lay
Ourselves in careless ease, while fates permit,
And let us drinking deep in fragrance sit
With scent of rose upon our tresses grey

And Eastern nard. The smarts of gnawing care
Doth Evius scatter far. What nimble page
Will dash for me Falernum's fiery rage
With water from the brook that passes there?

Who Lyde from her home will coaxing snare—
The wandering wanton? Go and bid her haste
To bring her iv'ry lute and, Spartan taste,
To bind in simple knot her flowing hair.

ODE XII.

To Maecenas.

FELL Hannibal, and Sicily's fair tide
With blood of Carthaginians purple-dyed,
And fierce Numantia's lengthy wars refrain
From wedding to the lute's soft strain;

And savage Lapithae, and wine's poor thrall,
Hylaeus, and the giants who did fall
Subdued by Hercules, what time their might
Shook ancient Saturn's halls of light

With peril. You shall better tell in prose,
Maecenas, how our Caesar crushed his foes,
And how the necks of kings who vaunted high
Were bowed and through our streets led by.

My Muse has willed that I should sing sweet lays
Of your Licymnia, and that I should praise
The glamour of her eyes, the changeless troth
That binds the faithful hearts of both.

It graces her to foot it in the dance,
In sports to vie when maids of merry glance
Link arms with her upon the day divine
That throngs Diana's holy shrine.

Would you consent Licymnia's locks to trade
For all the wealth Achaemenes displayed,
For all that Phrygia to her Mygdon bore,
For all Arabia's teeming store;

To your hot kisses when her neck she turns,
Or else resents with wrath that faintly burns
The theft she finds the sweeter of the two,
Or filches first anon from you?

ODE XIII.

To a tree that had all but killed him.

WHOEVER planted thee at first,
His work did, tree, on day ill-starred,
Who, fain with godless hand thy growth to guard,
Descendants doomed and hamlet curst.

That he had strangled his own sire
I could believe, and that he shed
By night the life-stream of a guest who bled
Upon his hearth-stone: poison's fire

From Colchis, every crime abhorr'd
He handled who did thee instal
Within my homestead's limits, doomed to fall,
Sad trunk, on me thy guiltless lord.

From hour to hour man never knows
What most to shun : while sailor dreads
The Bosphorus, of fate that unseen treads
From otherwhence he fearless goes ;

The soldier dreads the shaft and flight
Of rushing Parthian, he the chains
And gaols of Rome ; yet death who swept remains
To sweep the world with sudden might.

The realms of dusky Proserpine
And Aeacus on judgment-seat
Mine eyes did all but see, and dwellings meet
That holy souls apart enshrine,

Where Sappho on Aeolian strings
Wails for her country-women still,
And hymns Alcaeus with a louder quill
Of exile, sea and war the stings.

The phantoms, as each minstrel sings,
Stand duly awe-struck, but the herd
That crowded throngs to list is chiefly stirred
By battles and the flight of kings.

What marvel, when through those sweet lays
The hundred-headed monster droops
His gloomy ears, and charmed to listen stoops
Each snake in Furies' hair that plays?

Prometheus thanks to music's grace
And Pelops' sire their toils forget ;
No longer now Orion's heart is set
On lynx and lion and the chase.

ODE XIV.

To Postumus.

ALAS, my Postumus, the fleet years fade,
And righteousness itself will not avail
With wrinkled age to make its footstep fail,
Nor will unconquered Death be thus delayed ;

Not though each day—he heeds no tearful cries—
Three hundred bulls in sacrifice you gave
To Pluto, who with fold of gloomy wave
Imprisons Geryon of triple size

And Tityon, a wave we all must face
And cross, who on the bounty of the earth
Are nourished, whether chiefs of kingly birth
Or husbandmen that spring of pauper race.

'Tis vain for us to shun Mars' bloody fields
And Hadria's billows roaring into spray;
'Tis vain to dread throughout each autumn day
The harmful mischief that the South Wind wields.

We needs must journey where with stream of oil
The black Cocytus strays, where cursèd clan
Of Danaus lurks, and where the judge's ban
Dooms son of Aeolus to ceaseless toil.

The park, the mansion, and the comely wife
Must all be left, nor of the trees you tend
Will one, save hateful cypress, see the end
Of their frail owner and his fleeting life.

A worthier heir your Caecuban will drain
That you had guarded with a hundred keys,
And wine, more rich than pontiffs give to please
Their guests, will haughtily the pavement stain.

ODE XV.

Against the luxury of his time.

Yon princely halls will leave us now
But scanty acres for the plough,
And broader to the eyes than Lucrine lake
Fish-ponds will grow, and widow'd plane will take

The place of elms. There violet-bed
And myrtle will their fragrance spread
In streams of perfume, where an older sway
Saw olive-yards their teeming fruit display.

There laurels with thick boughs will meet
In shelter from the glowing heat,
Though Romulus laid down a different rule
And other laws had unshorn Cato's school.

Their private revenues were small
And large the common funds of all,
For private owners stretched no colonnade
In measured length to catch the Northern shade ;

Nor did the laws let men despise
The turf that chanced to catch their eyes,
Where towns and temples from the public chest
Those laws with new stone ordered to be drest.

ODE XVI.

To Pompeius Grosphus.

For calm the storm-caught sailor prays
On open sea, when black cloud lays
Its veil on moon. and certain way
No guiding stars display :

For calm the rage of warlike Thrace,
For calm the Medes whom quivers grace,
My Grosphus, that nor purple dye
Nor gems nor gold can buy.

For neither wealth nor consul's guard
Can move on care from mind ill-starred,
Or troubled thoughts that fitting roam
Round roof of fretted dome.

He lives life well on scant supply
Whose father's salt-dish glitters by
On frugal board, nor greed nor fright
Can break his slumbers light.

With time so short why aim to gain
So much? Why after sunshine strain
In foreign lands? What exile lone
From self with home hath flown?

Corroding care climbs brazen ships,
Nor far from horsemen's troop she slips,
More fleet than stag, more fleet than gale
That makes the storm-clouds sail.

Let hearts, if joy be present, hate
To mourn for chance of future fate,
And season grief with smiles. To nought
Is bliss unbroken brought.

Swift death Achilles swept away,
Tithonus dwindled with decay
Of age, and time may give to me
What time denies to thee.

Round thee Sicilian heifers low
And countless flocks, a-neighing go
Thy harness-mares, clad is thy pride
In raiment doubly dyed

With Afric's purple: acres few
And of Greek song some humble hue
To me has honest Fate allowed
And scorn of common crowd.

ODE XVII.

To Maecenas.

WHY dost thou wear me with complaints away?
'Tis not the will of Heaven or me, that fate
Should take thee first, Maecenas; my estate
In thee finds honour and a certain stay.

If Death should lay too soon his hand on thee,
My heart's best half, why should I linger on
In widowhood whose form and grace are gone?
That day for both the day of doom shall be.

No traitor's oath is this which I have sworn :

Whenever thou shalt lead me I will go,
Prepared my loyal comradeship to show
And journey with thee to the final bourn.

Me either fierce Chimaera's fiery breath

Or Gyas, should he rise to life again,
With hundred hands from thee to tear in vain
Would strive : so Justice wills and fateful Death.

If Libra looked upon my infant head,

Or Scorpio, whose fearsome powers ordain
From natal hour career of storm and pain,
Or Capricorn whom western waters dread,

Our horoscopes agree in wondrous way.

To rescue thee the guardianship of Jove,
On godless Saturn flashing answer, strove,
And made the rushing wings of Fate delay,

What time the thronging people, glad to show

Their joy, in theatre thrice raised acclaim :
Upon my head a tree-trunk falling came
Death-laden, had not Faunus turned the blow

With hand that ever ready help supplies

To men of Mercury's likeness. Gifts of thine
Are due, forget not, victims and a shrine :
A humble lamb shall be my sacrifice.

ODE XVIII.

Why he covets not wealth.

IVORY and golden panels
Gleam not brightly in my home;
Columns of Hymettus weigh not
Down on pedestals that come
From remotest Afric's quarries;
Nor, a stranger heir, I tread
Halls of Attalus; retainers
Spin for me no purple thread.
Truth is mine with vein of talent
All unstinted, and poor me
Rich men seek. Content I press not
Gods that gifts should greater be,
Or from friends ask fuller largess
Than my Sabine farm to gain.
On the heels of day day treadeth,
New moons hasten on to wane.
You contract for hewing marble
With your one foot in the grave;
Blind to death, you rear your palace
And from Baiae's fretful wave
Strive to steal its strand, unsated
With the limit of the shore.

Hence you move your neighbour's landmark,
In your greed careering o'er
Clients' mearings: sires and mothers
Thus are driven from their farms,
With their squalid children bearing
Gods ancestral in their arms.
Yet for wealthy heir no mansion
Surer than the fated goal
Of devouring death is waiting.
Why then further vex your soul?
Equally the earth for beggar
Yawns and for the sons of kings:
Bribed by gold not shrewd Prometheus
Orcus' watch-dog backward brings.
Race of Tantalus the haughty
He imprisons; when appears
Destined end of pauper's labours,
Called or called not, he hath ears.

ODE XIX.

To Father Bacchus.

To me did Bacchus on lone cliffs appear
Inditing songs—believe me, future years!
I saw the Nymphs his pupils, and the ears
Of Satyrs hoofed like goats prick'd up to hear.

Evøe, my heart still beats with late alarm,
And shocks of wild delight my bosom tear
That Bacchus fills. Evøe, spare us, spare
O Liber, with dread wand of potent charm.

For me hot-headed Thyades to sing
'Tis lawful; hymn will I wine's fountain source,
And streams of milk that in rich bounty course,
And honeyed rills from hollow trunks that spring.

'Tis right too of that blessed bride to tell
Who won a starry crown, how stone from stone
The halls of Pentheus were in ruin thrown,
How hand of death upon Lycurgus fell.

Thou rulest rivers and the savage main;
With wine made mellow on some lonely hill
Thou canst enwreathe without a touch of ill
Thy Thracian women's locks with viper chain.

Thou, when the realms that own thy father's law
The godless band of giants to attack
Were climbing upward, Rhoetus didst hurl back
With lion's talons and terrific jaw.

Although more fit for dance or game or jest
Wast thou reported; though the story went
That thou for battle hadst but little bent,
Of peace and war alike thou stoodst the test.

When Cerberus saw thee graced with honour meet
Of golden horn, he harmless grew, and swayed
His tail in gentle mood, and e'en essayed
With triple tongue to lick thy legs and feet.

ODE XX.

To Maecenas.

UPON no worn or weakling wing,
A two-formed bard, through liquid air I'll soar ;
Nor will I longer stay on earthly shore ;
For rising above envy's sting

I'll leave men's cities. Not to me,
Though born of lowly sires, will death appear,
Since you, Maecenas, deign to call me dear ;
Nor shall the Styx my prison be.

Upon my legs already grows
A scaly skin, and now above I stand
To guise of snowy bird transformed ; on hand
And shoulder burnished plumage shows.

And next, a bird of tuneful note,
In flight more swift than Icarus I'll turn
Where moans the Bosporus, where Syrtes burn,
Where lies the northern plain remote.

Me Scyth and Colchian too shall know.
And Dacian veiling dread of Marsian hosts :
To hear of me and mine the Spanish coasts
And drinkers of the Rhine shall grow.

Away with dirge's idle strain,
Away with grief and its unsightly gloom ;
Restrain your sobs, and let no useless tomb
Be raised to do me honour vain.

ANDROMEDA.

WHERE restless sea-winds fire the soul like wine,
Where sheer cliffs rise and grimly breast the brine,
Where billows break and in sad cadence moan
And sigh and die, a maiden stood alone.
No painter's hand could limn, no sculptor's sight
In dreams might scan a form more brightly white,
More supple slender, or a face more fair:
Wind-wafted round her floated sunny hair
That falling rose and rising fell to fold
Her shoulders close in streams of rippling gold:
More blue than summer seas or cloudless skies
The tender beauty of her long-lashed eyes.
As wooer's gaze that hungers to be fed,
The radiant sunrise on her radiant head
Fell lingeringly and lightly, and the air
Stayed lovingly to greet her, passing there:
The very waves, she was so rarely sweet,
Struggled to climb and kiss her dainty feet.

For her who stood there helpless, hopeless, gyved,
In vain the sun his loving lures contrived ;
His coming brings death nearer, and his eye
For all this love must look and see her die :
In vain the amorous air so fondly sighs,
That air must soon receive her parting cries :
In vain the waves leap upward to her feet,
Those waves must bear the doom she dreads to meet.
Self-pitying sorrow and a rueful ruth
Stole on her for the springtide of her youth
Thus early blasted, and a vision rose
That for the moment scattered all her woes,
As melt the mists of morning, and awhile
Came dreams that made her sleeping sadness smile.
Flower-crowned she moved along a blissful bride ;
A hero lover happy at her side
In all the beauty of his youth she saw,
Where word of each was to the other law.
Then with her waking rained the hot salt tears,
Returned the anguish of her frenzied fears ;
And, as the darkness passed at morning-tide,
Awaiting death a thousand times she died.
Outlined at last against the Eastern sky
She saw the shape of horror drawing nigh
And ever nigher, till her spirit quailed,
The prayer for death upon her white lips failed
And changed to wild entreaty for delay,
For space of grace, for one hour's stop and stay.

In vain on heaven she calls, no God replies:
The slayer turns the glare of hungry eyes
Upon her beauty, speeding on apace:
But when his hot breath burns upon her face,
When towards its prey that awful presence springs,
She heard the sudden swoop of waving wings,
She saw the monster stiffen fold by fold,
His hideous heat of glaring eyes grow cold
And lifeless, as the sharp chill caught his breath
And froze his ghastly form to stony death.
One sabre-clash that rings from rock to sea—
The galling chains are riven—she is free!
And so from death she passes unto life
And love that dies not, love that from all strife
Will safely shelter through the coming years,
All pain will pity and will dry all tears.

Ah me! the beauty of that teeming store
Of old-world legends filled with tender lore
That links us to the lives and loves of yore,
Which live and love amongst us evermore!
To reach through fears and tears a peace complete,
To gain through moil and toil a life-love sweet,
Who would not face such dread, such perils share,
If work or woe might win a crown so fair?

ARIADNE.

As the tender shadows lengthen and the sunset
glories glow,
Where the waves sweep slowly shoreward and the
summer breezes blow,
Still she sits and waits his coming, though in vain
for tearful eyes
Smiling wavelets dip and dimple, shine and shimmer
cloudless skies.

Dirge of sadness kin to madness is the music that
she hears,
Sung by wind's and wave's weird whispers rings
hope's requiem in her ears,
And the opal sheen, that westward weds in
glory sea and sky,
But recalls her love's lost glamour and the light
of days gone by.

Fair as Phoebus were the seven, firm and proud
their boyish tread ;
Like a king he towered above them, like a king
he held his head,
He, a helpless vengeance-victim, spake with eyes
though lips were dumb,
And the princess stooped to listen, for she knew
her hour was come.

To fulfil a father's fancy and uphold a daughter's
truth,
Shall she let him die and shatter all the visions
of her youth ?
Love is reason for her treason, duty's beauty
yields to love,
And she knows he will be constant as the change-
less stars above.

Home and hope were left behind him, and before
him lay the gloom
Of the house of death and darkness—all the horror
of his doom.
He had nerved himself to face them, he his father-
land's true son,
Yet he dreamed of foemen fleeing and of foughten
fields well won.

Foes he never now might vanquish, fields he
never now might win,
Not for him the victor's triumph or the joy of
battle's din:
No, for him the death of torment and the banks
beside whose wave
Must his spirit roam its cycle—neither God nor man
can save.

Then a maiden stole towards him, goddess-like in
gentle guise,
As a crown her golden tresses, like twin-stars
her grey-blue eyes:
Stately was she as Athene, and like Artemis for
grace,
Sweet as sea-born Aphrodite's was the beauty of
her face.

Hope and help and life she brought him, sword
the Minotaur to slay,
And a clue to thrid the mazes where the blinded
windings lay;
And he whispers, 'Gentle lady, loyal love is all
divine,
Through the years the gods may send me, all that
love can give is thine.'

She had braved a father's curses, she had lost her
name and fame;
He would 'scape the death and torture—she would
bear the blame and shame.
Thus his ruthless foe he vanquished, and the dark
clouds rolled away
In the sunshine of a passion that he vowed would
last for aye.

So they fleeing came to Naxos, and beneath its
summer skies
E'en the sun-god's rays shone colder than the love-
light in their eyes:
Never could the breeze's whisper or the murmur
of the sea,
Prove as tender as the music of a life-long love
should be.

Yet the crooning of the billows and the fragrance
of the air
Made their very love more lovely and their day-
dreams seem more fair.

* * * * *

Now in vain she waits his coming, through the
ages nevermore
Will his heart speak unto her heart on the hill-
side or the shore.

And hereafter, when her sceptre gleams in realms
 of lofty light,
When her throne outshines the jewels of the
 starry-kirtled night,
Through the life that is immortal, though her
 diadem is bright,
She will mourn her early lover and her day of
 dead delight.

JASON.

To the haven thronged the people—wide their eyes
with wonder grew,
Much they marvelled at the vessel, more they
marvelled at her crew ;
For their pride essays by unknown ways to track
the trackless main,
And the fretful foam what man shall roam and
home return again ?

With the royal maidens round him, 'midst his
people on the shore
Stood the aged king and trembled as he heard
the surge's roar :
For a moment's space his cruel face assumed
a gentler guise,
And the mists of passing pity veiled the murder
in his eyes.

But he must not risk the lordship of a kingdom
long his own,
And his life that instant danger makes far dearer
than a throne:
So remorseful doubt he strangles, struggling new-
born in his heart,
And, to hide his wiles, with crafty smiles he plays
the traitor's part.

'They are coming! they are coming!' whispers
many an eager lip,
As from hallowed shrine, where aid divine for
mariners and ship
With the duteous care of solemn prayer each
sought in faith complete,
To the waiting throng was borne along the beat
of marching feet.

Giants were they in their stature, stalwart were
they limbs and thews,
There were Heracles and Theseus and the twin-born
sons of Zeus:
Such a beauteous band of heroes did Olympian
strongholds boast,
When the gods that live for ever rose to crush
the Titan host.

Through the serried masses swept they, that were
fain their ranks to press,
Through the voices breathing farewell and the
hands upraised to bless,
Till a deafening cheer out-thundered and in
myriad echoes rang
When they reached the white-prowed Argo and
on board their good ship sprang.

Then there fell a solemn silence, as in accents
loud and clear
Thrilled the proud young voice of Jason, saying
‘Friends and kinsmen dear,
Fare ye well, and know we shudder at no sight
or sound save shame,
And henceforth where fame shines brightest we
shall bear a peerless name.

‘Till the hand of death is on us, till the life-pulse
pause and cease,
We will toil to win the guerdon of the glorious
Golden Fleece.
Loose the cable, strike the oar deep—cross we
now the uncrossed seas,
Steer we for the land of Colchis through the
blue Symplegades.’

For many a misty midnight, and for many dreary
days,
All undaunted still they wandered through a waste
of weary ways,
And in vain the hungry billows at their stout
ship curling sprang,
Safe they passed the path of peril and the clash-
ing chasm's clang.

But they lost their comrade Hylas, dowered with
gift of gentle grace,
And, enchanted by the formless phantom of a
flower-like face,
Fair Narcissus rushed to ruin where the nymphs
he scorned still weep
For the life that, lightly lovesick, blossomed into
dreamless sleep.

But at last one morn, when mists of dawn were
melting fast away,
Before their eyes in the sweet sunrise the land of
Colchis lay:
So they sought the royal presence, and Aeëtes
grimly frowned
When the stranger stripling told him on what
errand he was bound.

With a wintry smile he listened, then in answer
stern and chill
Laid before him all the terror of the tasks he
must fulfil.
'He who 'scapes unscathed the perils, wins the
prize, or failing—dies.'
And, the word scarce said, on Jason shone the
glow of ruthful eyes.

For beside the king her father was a princess
standing there,
Dark as night her eyes that pitied, dark as
night her raven hair;
Blazed with gold her godlike forehead, flashed
her arms with jewels rare,
And her beauty looked too heaven-born to breathe
the common air;

For her sire's sire was the Sun-god: of a fiery
line she came,
Coursed the tide of pride and passion flowing
through her veins like flame.
Many a magic marvel made she: worked she wiles
of witchcraft well,
But more potent than her strongest charm the
spell of Eros fell.

By her aid the frenzied fury of fire-breathing
bulls he broke,
Till he taught their necks obedience to the galling
of the yoke:
By her aid he made the valour weird of those
grim warriors yield
Who upsprang to arms, a gruesome harvest, from
a death-sown field:

Where his charge the dragon guarded with a
never-sleeping eye,
By her aid he made the shadows of unwonted
slumber lie:
So through days of deadly danger, and with deeds
undreamt-of done,
Did he reach the goal of glory and the Golden
Fleece was won.

Friends of old and home forsaking for this love
so new and true,
When her Jason fled from Colchis, with him fled
Medea too.
For a stranger among strangers in the far-off
Western life
Will her days be lonely? never, while the husband
loves the wife.

Close the page, and leave the story all undimmed
by after time,
By the sadness of its ending, by the horror of
its crime :
While he loves her, let us leave them to the
dreams of hope and youth,
Leave him flushed with new-won triumph, leave
her happy in his truth.

Oxford

HORACE HART, PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY

